

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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Emma Abbott is bidding for a little notoriety. She offered \$500 to have the Peoria opera house named after her, and the proprietor refused.

Up to Saturday the sum of \$92,988 had been received by the Cleveland committee for the Garfield memorial. Subscriptions are coming in quite slowly, but the committee hope to secure a sufficient sum within the next two or three months to warrant them to begin work on the monument.

Longfellow was seventy-five years old yesterday.—*Enter Osgood, Jan. 25.*

The Gazette is assured that Inter-Ocean will thank it for calling its attention to the fact that Longfellow will not be 75 years old until the 27th of February, at which time the city authorities of Portland, Maine, will give the great and honored poet a public reception.

Blanche Douglass, who is a conspicuous figure in the Jennie Cramer tragedy, will turn State's evidence and tell how poor Jennie was brought down to death by the Malley boys and herself. Miss Douglass has already told several different stories about the murder, but the last one is claimed to be founded on fact, and will criminate herself as well as the Malley boys.

Senator Richardson believes that there will be ample room for the chrome insane in this State when all the counties adopt the system so successfully in operation in Rock county. Thirteen counties have their insane asylums, and others are making arrangements to build them. He does not think the State asylum at LaCrosse is needed, and furthermore he expresses the belief that in two years there will be rooms "to let" in the present State asylums.

Mr. George I. Seney, of Brooklyn, New York, is one of the most benevolent and liberal men in the United States. He is a man of large wealth, and is exceedingly unostentatious in his gifts. He has quietly given away \$1,500,000 for the public good in sums exceeding \$25,000. These bequests have not been bestowed through sentiment or caprice, but in accordance with the framed judgment of a shrewd, far-sighted business man. The Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, received \$750,000.

Governor Rusk has refused to grant requisition papers for the arrest of Brown, the Dakota swindler, on the ground that he has never been under the jurisdiction of this State. The offense was complete in this State, however, and the action of the Governor is being much censured by manufacturers. Freeman & Sons lose \$2,800; A. C. Fish's Carriage Company, \$450; L. C. Osborne, \$750; the Whitewater Wagon Company and the Appleton Manufacturing Company also lose. The manufacturers do not dare go out to Dakota to prosecute as the band of swindlers control the law and everything else.

Like the practical, sensible man that he is, Ex-Governor W. E. Smith no sooner returned from office than he commenced making arrangements to re-enter business. He and H. M. Mendel, another successful business man, will soon establish themselves in an extensive wholesale grocery house.—*Milwaukee Sunday Telegraph.*

The report that he was seeking a foreign mission seems to have been premature. While the Wisconsin delegation would have been pleased to have warmly endorsed ex-Governor Smith for a foreign appointment, he did not desire to go abroad in the diplomatic service of the United States. He has chosen that better part—the life of a successful, independent business man.

There will be an attempt made this winter to amend the homestead law, so that a home exceeding in value the sum of \$5,000 shall not be exempt from execution. The homestead law of this State is none too liberal, and it should be allowed to remain as it is. Misfortune is liable to overtake the most prudent business man, and there is just as much justice in protecting his home worth \$5,000, as there is in guarding from execution the little home worth only \$1,000. Whether the homestead is valued at \$500 or \$10,000, it is all that some man may have, and the law should be no respecter of persons, but shield it against the encroachment of creditors. Common wisdom and simple justice demand that the homestead law—one of the most righteous on the statute books—shall not be disturbed.

The bill now before the Wisconsin Legislature to regulate the practice of pharmacy, of which mention was made in the Daily Gazette of Saturday, is a very important bill in its main features, and yet it does no injustice to any druggists who are established in business. Section 7 of the bill provides that every person claiming the right of registration under this act who shall, within three months after the passage of the act, forward to the board of pharmacy satisfactory proof, supported by his affidavit, that he was engaged in the business of dispensing pharmacy on his own account in the State of Wisconsin at the time of the passage of the act, as provided in section 1, shall, upon the payment of the fee therein mentioned, be granted a certificate of registration; provided, that in case of failure or neglect to register as herein specified, then such person shall, in order to be registered, comply with the requirements provided for registration as graduates in pharmacy or

licentiates in pharmacy within the meaning of the act. The bill also provides that nothing in the act shall in any manner interfere with the business of any physician in regular practice or prevent him from supplying to his patients such articles as may seem to him proper, nor with the making and vending of proprietary medicine or medicines placed in sealed packages with the name of the contents and of the pharmacist or physician by whom prepared or compounded, nor with the sale of the usual domestic remedies by retail dealers. The States of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia, North Carolina, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, and some other States, have enacted just such a law as contemplated in the bill now before the Wisconsin Legislature.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

A Senator's Opinion Relating to the Rate of Interest.

The Search for the Missing Crew of the Jeannette.

Speculation Relating to the Fate of the Assassin.

Some Important Milwaukee Railroad Items.

Other Interesting State and Miscellaneous News Items.

THE ASSASSIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 29.—There is general agreement among members of the bar that she motion for a new trial of the assassin will be promptly refused. The district attorney will submit little in opposition beyond some evidence showing the character of the detective, Snyder, who has set up the story that the jury read newspapers. This he bases upon the declaration that he found "one, which he produces, in one of the juror's rooms. His being there during their absence is of itself sufficiently suspicious, but the handwriting of the names of three jurors on the margin of the newspaper is still more suspicious. Three names appear there. While there has been an apparent effort to imitate the signatures of these men, it is very clear that each of the names was written by the same hand. One of them is spelled wrong. Evidence will be submitted by the district attorney to show that Snyder was on one occasion bound over to the grand jury by the police court for obtaining \$300 on a forged dispatch. He was also charged at the same time with stealing a letter. He has been engaged in furnishing testimony to both sides in the Christy case, and altogether his affidavit is held to be utterly worthless. The jurors all declare that they did not read a newspaper during the trial. The sentence is expected by Saturday. In order to meet the contingency of the April term of court running to the last day of May, Col. Corkhill has decided to ask to have the day of execution fixed for Friday June 30. This will in any event fall within the provision of the law which prohibits execution until thirty days after the expiration of the term of court next succeeding the one at which conviction takes place.

MILWAUKEE.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 29.—A boot and shoe dealer here named Max Meisner, yesterday filed a voluntary assignment. Liabilities, \$7,500; assets, \$6,000.

Robert Johns, a Racine youth, was arrested here yesterday for stealing about \$280 from his stepfather. Johns was conveyed back to Racine to-day.

The officials of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway make a tacit confession that their scheme to build a new depot at the corner of Third street and Grand avenue is nearly ready, and that they have in one way and another purchased all the property on the line of their proposed route through the city.

The new Madison and Milwaukee branch of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway will be formally opened Wednesday.

JEANNETTE SURVIVORS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 26.—Engineer Melville, of the Arctic steamer Jeannette, has gone to the mouth of the River Lena to search for DeLong. Two Russian officials accompany him to organize search parties. Lieutenant Danenhower and party are expected at Irkutsk.

MANY MISERABLE PEOPLE drag themselves about with failing strength, feeling that they are steadily sinking into their graves, when, by using Parker's Ginger Tonic, they would find a cure commencing with the first dose, and vitality and strength surely coming back to them. See other column.

RATE OF INTEREST.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—There is a feeling growing among the Republican Senators, and to some extent on the other side, that the normal rate of interest in this country has a tendency now to increase rather than diminish. This is one cause for the failure of the Sherman bill to gain strength as the debate progressed. Said a Senator to-day: I don't care to be quoted as an alarmist, but the more we have studied this matter lately the more have we become convinced that we reached the bottom notch some months ago, and that the value of money is now on the increase. We look for the balance of trade against us in all probability within the next six months, and we shall more than likely be exporting gold between now and the first of April. The fact is, that the people are beginning to be extravagant again and are buying too much. I think that the purchases abroad for the spring trade in dry goods and luxuries generally

will be heavier than our exports. The simple result will be that we shall have a balance to meet, and that takes gold. With this drain the value of money and the rate of interest goes up. Granting this hypothesis to be true, you see how foolish it would be at this time to attempt the establishment of 3 per cent as the rate of interest.

Senators' Wives.

In Washington there is no more important personage than your Senator. Congressmen are useful, to be sure, when one needs their aid; Cabinet officers are all very well, and no exalted official is to be despised; but the man who controls them all, whose "influence" is best worth having, whose political and social dignity is the highest, is the Senator. It is a common saying in Washington—where they "know the ropes"—"I would rather be a Senator than President." A President can rarely enjoy more than one term; never, now, more than two, but a Senator who has his State well in hand can return year after year to the upper chamber till the brief term of a President seems to him like an insignificant episode, marking only the alternations of a fickle popular fancy. Socially, the Senators' wives take the lead, and we who form the great mass of the people are far from suspecting how much these ladies, even more stately and elegant than their dignified husbands, have to do with the ways and means by which we are governed. One of the greatest powers in our politics for years has been Mrs. Logan, the wife of Senator Logan, of Illinois. Mrs. Logan is an accomplished and fascinating woman of the world, perfectly at home in society and thoroughly at ease in all society's laws and usages, written and unwritten. Besides this, she is a woman of very decided ability, shrewd and adroit, and with a really good heart, which makes and keeps for her hosts of friends. It is easily seen how such a woman as Mrs. Logan may be powerful in Washington, where social influences and motives count for so much, and while there is no one who would say that Senator Logan is not a strong man, there are plenty of people who assert positively that it is to a great extent his success in politics is due to the skillful management and strong personal influence of his wife. In short, the summing up of a great deal of wise experience in our great National lobby, called Washington, is contained in the advice: "If you want anything done here you must cultivate the Senator's wives."—*Boston Courier.*

Military Training.

An exchange proposes a new idea in the education of men for the military, by which it contends we shall secure greater geniuses for the profession and do away with favoritism. It is to let those who wish to fit themselves for the military profession get their education as young men do for other professions. A Government school for military officers is no more necessary than for doctors, lawyers, engineers, bankers, editors, or preachers. Let Government fix its standard of educational qualifications for entering the army, and fix it as high as it shall please; the people's schools will turn out men who can pass it. Then its institute can be turned into a practical training camp for all arms. This will bring in the natural law of the survival of the fittest. Instead of turning in dunces and others, promiscuously, by political favor, to be turned out officers, with no regard to natural qualifications, only those will demand admission who are directed to the military profession by the bent of natural genius, aptitude, and ambition. Then there may be a chance to get into the military profession great geniuses, such as those which arise in other walks of life. Then we shall have the operation of natural selection, instead of the preservation of the unfit, and the general level of dull mediocrity. This would go far to bridge over that gulf which the present system of favoritism creates between the regular army officers and the volunteers who have to do the fighting. The small expectations to which our army system has reduced the public mind, and the great numbers which our officers require to do little, admonish the nation that its present military school is not to be relied upon for the public defense.

An Italian named Filippo Mariotti has counted the words in Dante's "Paradise," "Purgatory," and "Hell," finding the number to be 99,542. The adjectives and nouns are at the rate of one to three, and of the 6,215 adjectives used, only seventeen are superlatives. Exclamatory particles are used only forty-five times. The number of different words used is 5,800. The Old testament contains only 5,680 different words, while Shakespeare used more than 15,000.

RECIPE for a modern composition: Begin in march time, so softly that it cannot be heard. A few taps on the bass drum will do. Turn on the full orchestra gradually—bang! bang! bang! Shut off by degrees—p, pp, ppp, pppp—until nothing is heard but the leader shaking his stick. Let him shake his stick in silence for some time after the piece is ended. When he stops the public will applaud.

Too Fastidious.

Some would-be Byrons look on with disgust At the rhymes of Electric Oil "poet." But we have the best article known to the world, And intend that all persons shall know it. It cures coughs, colds, asthma and catarrh, Bronchitis and complaints of that kind; It does not cost much, though rheumatism it cures. 'Tis the best Oil in the world you can find. Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Sherer & Co.

A New Railroad.

In these days of active railroad building, the ordinary individual not closely identified with railroad interests, passes over the frequent announcements made through various sources, of projected or recently completed lines of road, as of no interest to him in particular; and while his readers are certainly very greatly interested in and benefited by the completion and opening for business of the Milwaukee and Madison line of the Chicago & Northwestern railway. This line, beginning in Milwaukee, where it connects in the same depot with the Chicago and Milwaukee line (so well known as the Lake Shore route) and the Milwaukee and Green Bay line of the Northwestern,

as well as that of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western railway, runs directly west, passing through Waukesha and Jefferson counties, to Madison, with the following stations and distances:

Milwaukee.....	1.75	Jefferson Junction.....	17.5
North Greenfield.....	7.5	Lake Mills.....	34.8
Calhoun.....	12.5	London.....	60.2
Waukesha.....	18.2	Deerfield.....	63.4
Wales.....	20.4	Cottage Grove.....	70.2
Dousman.....	21.5	Madison.....	83.7
Sullivan.....	37.1		

The increased facilities afforded for getting about, or from one part of the State to the other, by the completion of this line, will readily be seen. It gives a new route between Milwaukee and Madison, and places all points upon the Northwestern railway north or south of Madison within easy reach of Milwaukee, or vice versa. From Fond du Lac and points north of there it gives choice of two routes to the capital of the State, viz.: One via Milwaukee, another via Jefferson Junction. It gives the towns in the counties west of Madison, upon the Madison and Montford line of the same company, direct connection with Milwaukee, and consequently with all points north or south from there. Again, it gives passengers traveling between points upon this line and Chicago the choice of three routes between these points, as follows, viz.: One via Milwaukee and the "Lake Shore route"; one via Crystal Lake, Janesville and Jefferson; and another via Harvard, Beloit and Madison. We understand that through trains of this company between Chicago and St. Paul are to be run via this line, and with their new Day Coaches, Parlor Cars and Pullman Sleepers, it will be a popular route from the start.

MADE FROM HAIRLESS MATERIAL, and adapted to the needs of fading and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam has taken the first rank as an elegant and reliable hair restorative.

Will Positively
Close
Saturday, Feb. 3

The Great Reduction Sale at
Smith & Son's
Until that time we shall do just
as we have advertised

20
Per Cent Discount
ON WINTER GOODS!

15
PER CENT ON ALL OTHER GOODS

You Will Never Know
Your Luck
Until you have priced our Goods
SMITH & SON,
One Price, Square Dealing Cloth-
iers and Truthful Advertisers.

VISITORS INVITED
CATALOGUE NOW READY.
Books

ALL SOLD AT
HALF PRICE!

HISTORY, NOVELS, POETRY, FICTION, &c., of all the Standard and Popular Authors of the day. Largest and Finest Stock in town.

Some of the Prices:

Shakespeare's complete works, retail price.....	\$5.00; our price, \$1.95
Macauley's History of England, retail price.....	5.00; our price, 1.95
Mary J. Holmes' novels, retail price.....	1.50; our price, .95
Agnes Fleming's novels, retail price.....	1.50; our price, 1.05

4 Cents For Sheet Music!

97 of the latest favorites that music stores sell at 50c and 75c, we sell for 4c. Guaranteed equal in every respect.

15 Cents
5 Cents

Money refunded if goods are not perfect. It is impossible to continue without profit; this you will find at our store.

Chicago Book Co.

Myers' Hotel Block, Main Street.
Sales Close February 4th.

MISCELLANEOUS.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, adulterated or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

SEAL

CLOAKS!

Owing to the warm weather early in the Season, we have a small lot of

Fine Seal Sacques
Left on hand which we will close out at about
HALF PRICE.

Seal Garments will probably never again be sold at such LOW PRICES, and those wishing to take advantage of this sale should call at once before the assortment is broken.

T. A. Chapman
& Co.,
MILWAUKEE.

New Goods
Are now arriving at
Wheelock's Crockery Store.



Making Many New and Valuable Additions.

To the stock. Among the latest is several new patterns of English print ware that is so rapidly increasing in favor. Minton's Copeland's, Wedgwood's, Bone's, Dimmock's and Brownfield's elegant goods in very low prices; over 50 sets 10 and 12 pieces each, of Decorated Chamberware, from \$3 up, now spread on our long tables; new pieces in Majolica Ware, Parian Statuary, Rogers' best groups, Vases, Colored Sets, Gift Cups and Saucers, Dishes, &c., new Lamps, Bird Cages, 5 kinds Carpet Sweepers, Crystal, Handle Cutlery, new pieces in Silverware and Glassware, job lots of English Stone China, Coffee Cups and Saucers, 40 cents set; Sauce Plates, 30c per dozen; Pie and Tea Plates, 50c per dozen; Soup Plates, 70c per dozen; another lot of Le Bastic Lamp Chimneys received.



What Is Home Without a Mother?

Prentice & Evenson,
The druggists opposite the postoffice have the largest and most complete stock of nursing bottles and fittings to be found in the city. In this class of goods they keep everything that is sold. Sole agents for the "Anglo-Swiss milk food," the very best baby food in the market.



E. B. Heimstreet
Artist General
Materials. Druggist.
NEW YORK DRUG STORE

700
We have about that number of Overcoats left out of the 1,500 that we had Jan. 1st. Now we have a word to say We will sell all Overcoats at less than cost for the next 15 days, which will be from 15 to 20 per cent less than you can buy of any house that mark their goods in plain figures. How is that for Latin? The old Hen has come off, and don't you forget it.
E. T. FOOTE,
Three Doors West of the Post-Office, Janesville, Wis.

DIMOCK & HAYNER Represent the Oldest and Largest Stock Insurance Companies in America and England.
DIMOCK & HAYNER Represent the Oldest and Largest Stock Insurance Companies in the World.
DIMOCK & HAYNER Represent the Safest and Best known Fire Insurance Companies in America and England, and write policies at best rates.
DIMOCK & HAYNER Represent one of the Oldest, best known and largest Life Companies in this country.
DIMOCK & HAYNER'S Losses are all promptly and fairly adjusted and paid.
DIMOCK & HAYNER Have Houses, Lots and Lands for sale or rent, and Money to loan at low rates of interest.

FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK AND BOSTON! Every Day Without Change of Cars. Only line East running the Famous DINING CARS. Connects at Niagara Falls and Buffalo with the New York Central and Erie Railways. 28 1/2 hours is the time of the Special Fast Train from Chicago to New York. Elegant Dining Car attached. Leaves Chicago Daily 3:30 p. m. HENRY C. WESTWORTH, Gen'l Pass & Agt., Chicago. H. B. LEDYARD, General Manager.



MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

THE RIDE OF PAUL VENAREZ.

Paul Venarez heard them say, in the frontier town that day.

That a band of Red Plume warriors was upon the trail of death.

Heard them tell of murder done: Three men killed at Rocky Run.

"They're in danger out at Crawford's," said Venarez, under breath.

"Crawford's"—thirty miles away—was a settlement, that day.

In a green and pleasant valley of the mighty wilderness.

Half a score of houses were there, and in one a maiden fair.

Held the heart of Paul Venarez—"Paul Venarez little Boss."

So no wonder he grew pale when he heard the settler's tale.

Of the men he had seen murdered yesterday, at Rocky Run.

"Not a soul will dream," he said, "of the danger that's ahead."

By my love for little Bessie, I must see that something's done."

Not a moment he delayed when his brave resolve was made.

"Why, my man," his comrades told him, when they knew his daring plan.

"You are going straight to death," But he answered: "Save your breath."

I may fail to get to Crawford's, but I'll do the best I can."

Over the forest trail he sped, and his thoughts flew on ahead.

To the little band at Crawford's, thinking not of danger near.

"Oh! God help me save," cried he, "little Bessie of And fast and free."

Trusty Neil bore on this hero of the far-away frontier.

Low and lower sank the sun. He drew rein at Rocky Run.

"Here these men met death, my Nellie," and he stroked his horse's mane;

"So will they we go to warn, ere the breaking of the moon."

If we fail, God help us, Nellie! Then he gave his horse the rein.

Sharp and keen a rifle-shot woke the echoes of the spot.

"O my Nellie, I am wounded!" cried Venarez, with a moan.

And the warm blood from his side spouted out in a red tide.

And he tumbled in the saddle, and his face had ashy grown.

"I will save them yet," he cried, "Bessie! See shall know I did."

For her sake! And then he halted in the shelter of a hill.

From his buckskin shirt he took, with weak hands, a little book;

And he tore a blank leaf from it. "This," said he, "shall be my will."

From a branch a twig he broke, and he dipped his pen of oak.

In the red blood that was dripping from the wound below his heart.

"Bessie," he wrote, "before too late, Red Plume's warriors lie in wait."

Good-by, Bessie! God bless you always! Then he felt the warm tears start.

Then he made his message fast, love's first letter, and he rode.

To his saddle-bow he tied it, while his lips were white with pain.

"Bear my message, if not me, safe to little Bessie," he said.

Then he leaned down in the saddle, and clutched hard the sweaty mane.

Just at dusk, a horse of brown, flecked with foam, came panting down.

To the settlement at Crawford's, and she stopped at Bessie's door.

But her rider seemed asleep. Ah, his slumber was so deep.

Bessie's voice could never wake him, if she called forevermore.

You will hear the story told by the young and the old.

In the settlement at Crawford's, of the night when Red Plume came.

Of the sharp and bloody fight; how the chief fell, and the flight.

Of the panic-stricken warriors. Then they speak Venarez name.

In an awed and reverent way, as men utter: "Let us pray."

As we speak the name of heroes, thinking how they lived and died;

So his memory is kept green, while his face and Heaven between.

Grow the flowers Bessie planted, ere they laid her by his side.

—Edna E. Bedford, in Youth's Companion.

A LITTLE DINNER WITH JONES.

When I came up to London two years ago to look for an opening as a medical man, my aunt, Miss Ap-Rees, of Rees Castle, was good enough to give me a letter of introduction to her cousin, Mr. Pwllhyll Jones, of Kensington, who she assured me, was most influential man, and might be of great service to me. Moreover, she added that he was very rich, and had an only daughter, who was both beautiful and amiable.

I have a very treacherous memory, and arriving in London, seeing that my aunt's letter was already fully directed in her stiff, old-fashioned hand, I thought I would make sure of not forgetting by setting it off at once. So, taking one of my cards, on which these words were inscribed: "Mr. John Rees, M.R.C.S., Biggleswade," I wrote under the name, "will have the pleasure of calling on Mr. Pwllhyll Jones on Wednesday evening," and popped it into the envelope with my aunt's letter. Then I dropped the letter into a pillar box, and thanked goodness it was off my mind. Next day I received a most polite note from Mr. Jones, begging me to forego ceremony and come to dine on Wednesday on family.

On the Wednesday I dressed myself with care, and starting at six o'clock, took the underground railway to South Kensington. When I arrived there it suddenly occurred to me that I did not remember my friend's address. Stop, though! I had his note in my pocket, and I drew it out and glanced at the top. By Jove! it had neither date nor address. Unpardonable carelessness of Jones, I thought; but what was to be done? It was only a quarter past six, so I had lots of time, and my first idea was to apply to a policeman. I did so. But the man of law only knew one Mr. Jones living in Kensington, and he was a pawnbroker. Clearly this could not be my Mr. Jones, and the officer recommended me to inquire at a cab stand. Thereupon a conversation of cabmen agreed that it must be Mr. Jones of Redcliffe Square. Several offered to drive me there, and I jumped into a hansom.

There was a brass plate on the gate of the house at which we stopped, with "Mr. P. Jones" in large letters. I dismissed my cab and knocked. The door was opened by a funeral-looking manservant. "Is Mr. Jones at home?" I asked. "Yes, sir," said the man, eyeing me as an undertaker might his "patient." Then he added, "The gentleman who was to be here at seven, I presume?" I nodded acquiescence cheerfully. "Master expects you, sir," he almost groaned, and then he threw open a side door, and ushered me into a small room which looked like a library, and left me alone.

The chair I sat down in was very comfortable, and I mentally resolved that I would get one some day precisely like it. It had a very sloping back worked by a crank to different angles, and the top of the back spread out into a concave cushion, which exactly supported the head. Presently Mr. Jones entered. I was abashed to perceive that he was in morning dress, whereas I had got myself up, as they say, "regardless of expense." As I rose Mr. Jones extended his hand, and squeezed my hand impressively. "How are we, today?" he murmured, with his head on one side. I assured him that I was never better in my life, except for a slight twinge of toothache. "Ah! just so," he remarked.

Then he motioned me to the chair, which he wheeled directly under the gas, and I sat down. Evidently rather an eccentric sort of fellow, I thought, as he put his left hand on the top of my head, holding the other behind him as he stood. "Have the goodness to open your mouth," he said. I smiled and did so. "A little wider, please." It was getting rather ridiculous, but I remembered my aunt's injunctions to be civil to her cousin, and I opened my mouth to its widest extent. After peering intently into it for some seconds, my host suddenly brought his right hand round from behind his back, and before I could say a word he had got some horrid instrument fixed on one of my favorite molars, and was wrenching away at it like a fiend. That was too much. I struggled. I screamed. At last I managed to shake him off, and there we stood glaring at each other and perspiring. Fortunately I had saved my tooth. It felt loose, but it was still there. I was very indignant. Explanations followed. It seemed he was a dentist, and had an appointment with a patient, for whom he took me. We both apologized, and he begged my acceptance of one of his cards, on which I read: "Dr. Pwllhyll Jones, Surgeon-Dentist." I breathed freely once more as I found myself in the square.

When I had somewhat recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch, and found it still wanted a quarter to seven. All was not lost, then. Hurrying up Queen's Gate, I found myself in Kensington High Street, and at the corner of a street I perceived a house agent's office. There seemed to be a chance here, and I entered and made inquiries. "Pwllhyll Jones," murmured the agent, reflectively. "You are sure it is Pwllhyll?" he asked. Yes, I replied. I was quite sure of that, anyhow. Then he referred to a book, and said: "There's a P. Jones lives at No. — Holland Road, perhaps that's your man." I said I would try him at any rate.

No. — Holland Road proved to be at the upper extremity of that longest and straightest of streets. The house looked respectable, and I rang the bell. Hardly had my hand touched it when the door was opened cautiously, and the head of a weakened old woman thrust itself out. "You are the doctor, I suppose?" she said, in a hoarse whisper. I replied that my name was Mr. — or, if she liked, "Doctor" — Rees, whereupon she beckoned me in without saying another word, and closed the door. The hall was rather dark, but in the dim light I could make out that the old woman was very pale, and trembling all over. "You had better go up to him," she said; and I became aware of a tremendous noise above us. Then a jangled tea-tray came bounding and rattling down the stairs, whereupon the old woman, with a little shriek, scuttled off hurriedly, and disappeared somewhere at the back, where I heard her lock herself in; and I was left alone in the hall. I didn't like it at all, and had half a mind to let myself quietly out again. But then I thought I might as well see this thing through. So I boldly mounted the stairs. On the landing there were several doors. One was partly open, and a faint light streamed from it. From the inside I could hear a man's voice uttering the most awful imprecations. I feared I might be intruding upon a family quarrel, and therefore coughed loudly to call attention to my presence.

There was a sudden cessation of the noise, and presently a man's voice called out, querulously: "Come in, whoever you are." This was not encouraging; but I entered, and to my dismay found I was in a bedroom. A middle-aged man, with a very red face, lay on the bed half dressed, and shaking violently all over. The furniture of the room looked as if somebody had been dancing upon it, and the pillows were lying about the floor. The man glared savagely at me a moment, and then, shouting: "Oh, here are some more of you!" he hurled the bolster with all his force at my head. I dodged it. "Who the dickens are you?" yelled the man. I endeavored to explain, but before I had got half a dozen words out, my friend, who I saw was suffering from an attack of delirium tremens, was out of bed, and making a sudden spring, pinned me by the throat before I could stir a finger to prevent him. I was nearly choked, but struggled desperately, and at last, by a great effort, succeeded in freeing myself.

Seeing an open door, I dashed through it, and found myself in a small dressing-room, with no other egress than the window. Hastily throwing it open, I sprang on to the sill, and grasping the iron pipe which ran by its side, I descended into the darkness beneath, and came down with a splash into the middle of a huge water-butt. Happily it had not much in it; but I could feel the cold fluid trickling into my thin shoes. There was a wall close by, the top of which I could just reach by standing on the edge of the water-butt. I scrambled up without much difficulty, and dropped down gently on the other side into the arms of a policeman.

"Now there's no use your kicking," this worthy remarked, as he pined me roughly by the collar and cuffs; "if you don't come along quietly, I'll whip the darts on to yer in a jiffy." In vain I expostulated, and all breathless as I was, tried to tell him all about it. He only warned me that whatever I said would be "used agin me," and taking a firm grip, he marched me off, despite my struggles.

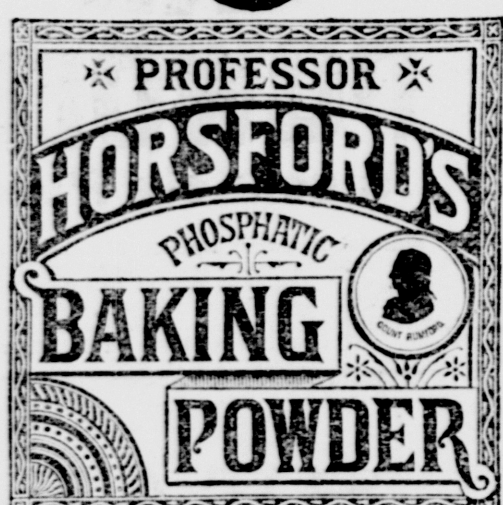
At the station I attempted to give a connected narrative of myself, but I do not think the police paid much attention to it. The constable who had effected my capture swore that he had had his eye on me for a long time, and knew me to be a notorious crackman. He also accused me of being drunk and disorderly. I think I was more indignant about the accusation of drunkenness than the more serious one. I could, of course, prove that I was not a burglar, but it is another thing to convince an opinionated policeman that a man is not drunk. I therefore insisted on the divisional surgeon being sent for to say whether I was sober or not, and, rather to my surprise, the Inspector consented. In the mean time I was thrust into a cell to await the arrival of the medical officer. In a quarter of an hour or so that gentleman made his appearance. To him I recounted my history, and, as it proceeded, his face, which at first had been somewhat grave, expanded into a broad smile, and at last he sat down on one of the benches, and slapping his thighs, fairly burst into roars of laughter. I felt rather hurt, and I think I told him so. At this he exploded into fresh roars, and at length managed to gasp out: "D—d—don't you see the joke—ho! ho! oh, dear! ha! ha! Why, man alive, I am Mr. Pwllhyll Jones, and we had been waiting dinner for you a quarter of an hour when I was sent for to examine an alleged drunkard—ho! ho!"

Of course, after this, I was immediately set at liberty, and accompanied my new-found friend to his comfortable house on Campden Hill, where, after repairing, with my host's assistance, as

far as was possible, the damages my wardrobe had sustained, I was taken by him into the drawing-room and presented to his daughter, whom I found "all my aunt's fancy painted her," and more. My host being a little man and fat, while I am long and slim, my appearance in some of his garments must, I feel, have been rather absurd; but when once Miss Jones understood the situation, her sweet sympathy more than compensated me for the banterings of her papa, who, however, turned out to be a very good fellow, indeed, and some time afterward (as my aunt predicted) was of much service to me. Indeed, it was he who helped me to buy the very comfortable practice which I now enjoy in my native town of Biggleswade. I need not say I thoroughly enjoyed my dinner at last, and it was really not much spoiled, after all, by the unavoidable delay. In fact, I shall always look back with peculiar pleasure to the little dinner I had "chez Jones."

P. S.—Mrs. Rees, who has just read this, says that if I had seen her after I left that evening, screaming, while her papa roared, at my adventures and appearance, I should not by so much stress on her "sweet sympathy." But no matter.—Harper's Weekly.

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